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Rhyme Sheet: Interior

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RHYME SHEET



INTERIOR

This is the weary cycle, down and back,
Of futile shadows sliding on the wall,
Like spirits aimless, now. . . The substance gone,
They are left mindless, too. Such blackened air
Might well be remnant of a mortal soul.
For who shall say that I and you, the lovely,
Shall be more live than these things on the wall?
Does richer living promise richer death?
The same hand lies on all and crumbles on all. --
Cling to your soul, beloved, if it please you,
Though I demur . . . and when, at last, the fire
Shall move us thus upon some plaster wall,
Each, seeing other, may remember life,
If either can recall the once-loved name.

J. Warrene Coleman



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